

BY ROBERT T. CARSON, OF CARDIFF, WALES.

The eye was lovely, and the sky serene,
The setting sun shone with a crimson light;
The fleecy clouds were dazling in its sheen,
Resplendent, grand, with gold and purple light.

Sweet Philomel began his evening song,
The lark trill'd sweetly, dropping to his nest;
The insect world humm'd with unceasing tongue,
All nature praising its Creator blest.

Ah! yes, this earth is beautiful and bright,
But brighter far the Christian's home above;
There shall my Saviour burst upon my sight,
In all the beauty of redeeming love.

As round the corner of a winding lane,
I turn'd—a touching sight there met mine eye,
A youth forlorn—his face expressing pain—
Sat by the bank in gloomy reverie.

I knew him well—alas! of speech bereft,
And hearing too—those blessings never known;
How and the change in him since he had left
The deaf-mute school! His happiness is gone.

No longer now has he communion sweet
With kindred souls whose voices are like his own;
His face lights up whenever he doth meet
A deaf-mute friend. His gloomy thoughts are down.

I talked to him—he watch'd my finger tips
With eager eyes, and animated face;
Then kneeling down I pray'd—he caught my lips,
As if thereof my language he could trace.

We parted. Long I mused o'er his sad gaze,
Alone in this wide world—without a friend;
No welcome Sabbath brings the means of grace,
With forgetakes of the bliss that ne'er will end.

Alas! that Sunday to this youth should be,
The day most endearing to his lonely breast,
When Sabbath bells are pealing merrily,
He sighs that not for him the day is blest.

'Tis true he hath his Bible, and he loves
To search for solace in its sacred lore;
A source of joy and comfort oft it proves,
And to his heart doth sweet content restore.

Thanks be to God! No longer we deplore
The want of missions to those sons of grief;
Blest Charity has come and touched a sore
Of sympathizing hearts for their relief.

Oh! Christian England—many a heathen land,
Has blest thee for the gospel thou hast given;
In distant countries many a noble hand,
Has by thy means been guided safe to Heaven.

Shall we then plead? and must we plead in vain
For aid to carry on this mission blest?
Our deaf-mute brethren, they are not content
That with their voices we seldom are impressed.

Then let us help this Mission—it has been
Most richly blest in all its efforts true,
Many a sad face now wears a look serene,
Goes on its way rejoicing—Heaven in view.

"PUT ON THE BREAK, JIM!"

I was loitering about a railway station in the south of England, in the expectation of meeting with an old friend, when I first saw James Denning. An express train came in, and as it rumbled into the station one of the porters remarked that "Coldwater Jim" was punctual to a moment. "This sobriquet I knew was meant as a satire upon somebody, and I asked the porter to tell me to whom he referred.

"I meant the driver, Jim Denning, there," replied the porter; "he's the only man who works on cold water on this line."

"But does he work well," I asked.

"As well as any, and better than most," returned the porter.

"But why did you call him 'Coldwater Jim'?"

"Oh, it's a name he's got because he's joined the temperance band," said the man. "Jim has had a deal of 'chaff' from the men, but he has stood it well. Jim's not the man to turn away from what he thinks is right. He won't drink, and he won't work on Sundays either."

"That is no crime," I remarked; "on the contrary, he ought to be commended for it."

"The directors did not think so," returned the porter; "and he was told that if he did not work on Sundays he should not work on the week days; but he held out, and they gave in. Jim's too good a man to part with—no fear about him neglecting his work. You must excuse me now, sir, as I am wanted over there."

I walked up the line and took a long look at the driver. He was a stout, well-built man, with a very intelligent face, bearded and bronzed by exposure to the weather. There was something interesting in the very attitude of the man, so calm, fearless, and self-reliant. I went up and asked if I could speak with him within an hour or so.

"I shall be off duty in half an hour," he replied; "and if you will meet me by your gate, close to the signal-box, I shall be happy to oblige you, sir."

I agreed to be there, and strolled away to the outside of the station. In a few minutes I saw "Coldwater Jim" working his engine slowly towards an engine-house, blowing off steam with a deafening noise, while the fireman was busy raking out the fire. By this I knew that the day's work was over, and that I should probably have a favorable opportunity for talking with the "temperance" driver, in whom I was very much interested.

Before the time he named had quite expired, James Denning appeared, and politely lifting his cap, asked how he could be of service to me.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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"I heard you called 'Coldwater Jim,' I replied; "and by that I guessed you to be a member of the National Temperance League."

"Yes, sir, I am that, I am thankful to say," replied the driver.

"It is so rare to meet with one of your class an abstainer, that I am anxious to know how you became so," I said.

"I shall be most happy to tell you all about it," replied James Denning; "if you can only wait a little longer. I like cold water in many ways, and a wash after my run is very refreshing. Then I get my tea, and as the two will take about half an hour, perhaps—"

"I'll give you a look in an hour," I said. "Where do you live?"

"That's my cottage on the slope yonder, sir."

"With the well-kept little garden?"

"Well, sir, I do my best," replied James Denning, "and the missus spends a little time over it too, although she has four youngsters hanging about her from morning till night. In an hour, sir?"

"In an hour I will be there," I replied, and strolled into the town to look about me.

That time quickly passed, for in this world of ours there is always plenty of food for thought if a man will think, and as the church clock was striking seven I walked up the little lane leading to Denning's house. He met me at the garden gate, with his wife standing by his side, holding a rosy babe in her arms. Just behind them were three children, two boys and a girl, from three to seven years of age, busily engaged in constructing a small grotto of sticks and oyster shells. After an introduction to his wife, Denning asked me if I would prefer the outside or inside of the house. As it was a fine night I preferred the outside, and Denning went in to fetch chairs. Through the open door I could see that the room beyond was well furnished and a model of neatness—not a very novel but always a very pleasing result of temperance.

"Nancy's heard the story a dozen times," said Denning, as we sat down; "but she can listen to it again, I think."

"Never tired of hearing it, Jim," she replied, laying a hand with a gentle touch upon his arm; "for it was the saving of us, both body and soul."

"Ay, it was so, lass," said Denning; then turning to me he went on, "I'm a plain man, and I mayn't be able to make much of my story; but such as it is you are welcome to, and it's got one merit, and that is being true. Now sir, if you will give me your attention I'll get on."

He paused a moment, and touched the palm of his hands with his lips—a mechanical action without which so many of those who work for their daily bread can do nothing. This gave him a start, and in a distinct tone, with the ring of truth in every word he uttered, he told the following story:

"I began life as a cleaner at the shop of Powson Brothers, engine fitters, and after three years of it I got aboard this line as a fireman. I was not nineteen, but I was tall and well built, so that I could pass anywhere for three or four and twenty, and there wasn't much said about my age when I was taken on. My mate was Tom Betts, an excellent man in many respects, but given to drink. The directors wouldn't have a man who drinks heavily if they knew it; but they never knew that Tom drank out of bounds—and why? Because Tom could take almost any quantity and not show it in his walk. It's a strange thing that people will never believe a man is the worse for drink unless he rolls about like a ship in a storm, and yet I've seen Tom, when he could not tell one end of the engine from the other, walk home as straight as a line, and go to bed and sleep for hours."

"Tom was a great wonder to those who knew him as I did, and it used to be said that he would break up one day, although nobody ever thought how he would break up, poor fellow! He was very good-natured, and I was just the age to take to a fellow with an even temper. I liked Tom very much, and he liked me. Up to the

time of our coming together I had not drunk very much; I took my beer at dinner and my glass at night, but nothing more. But now there came a change. When off duty, Tom and I were much at the public house together, spending all the money we had and being good fellows to a lot of loafers who swear by you while the beer is afloat, and turn their backs upon you as soon as you've gone to your ruin."

"Tom had a wife, and a home—such a home as I should be sorry to put a dog into. There were many like it and are many still; but that didn't make Tom's any better, and a miserable thing it was to look at—brawling wife, dirty children, scarcely a stitch of furniture in the place, and never scrubbed by the month in and month out. But this did not matter to Tom; he only went there to sleep, and he was generally in such a state that he could have slept anywhere—in a stable or cow-shed but for the look and name of the thing. I saw all this, and yet I could not take warning, and went on the same down hill road with Tom, just keeping clear of exposure, and getting through my work in a slovenly off-hand way, which is common to men who fuddle their heads with drink."

"I've got heaps of faults, sir, and one of 'em is that I'm as obstinate as a mule, and don't listen to reason like other folks. My wife knew this, and in trying to reclaim me she didn't try too much at once; but one day she says in quite a casual way—"

"Jim, will you be off duty to-night?"

"Yes, I shall, lass," I says, and I'll come home straight; for you see, sir, I hadn't got deep enough into drink to neglect everything for it. Nancy kissed me, and I came home as I promised. After tea she says, in the same sort of casual way, as if the thing had just come into her mind—"

"Jim, there's a meeting to-night—will you go?"

"I said I would, without thinking much what sort of meeting it would be; so I clean up a bit, and off we started, and when I gets to the hall I sees some bills announcing a temperance lecture."

"I'm not going to listen to that stuff, Nancy," I says.

"I want to listen to it," says Nancy; "come in with me. If you wish to stop your ears you can."

"Well, sir, I went in just to please her, and we got a good seat near the platform, and the rest of the hall was soon filled up. Then a number of gentlemen took their seats upon the platform, and one came forward to speak."

"Perhaps he wasn't a great orator," continued Denning; "but he spoke easily, and as soon as his lips were opened his words began to tell upon me. You need not ask me what he spoke of, sir—it was drink; and for an hour or more he continued to point out the evil of it—how it worked ruin and destruction to thousands, blighted homes, filled our prisons and work-houses, and inundated the streets with paupers. I couldn't help listening, and I couldn't help believing all I heard, and I thought a score of times of Tom's home and a hundred others like it; but I wouldn't give in, I felt that I could not stand the 'chaff.' When the address was over, we were invited to go up and sign the pledge; then Nancy turned to me and whispered—"

"Go up, Jim, and sign."

"What for?" says I; "I'm not a regular drunkard."

"You are going down an incline—put on the break, Jim," she says.

"Now, sir, there's nothing like a familiar expression if you want to touch a man, and Nancy being a rather clever little woman knew how to hit the nail on the head. She might have gone on saying, 'Go up and sign,' for a month, and I shouldn't have done it; but when she said, 'You are going down an incline—put on the break,' her words struck home, and I saw my position as I had never seen it before. 'Going down an incline'—of course I was, and going a deal too fast; and what ought a man to do then? Why, 'put on the break.' It was only sensible, reasonable and right, so thank God I got up at once and walked on to the platform.

"There were about thirty people

waiting to sign; but Nancy had followed me, and kept by my side. Once I felt a wavering, and she saw it instantly in my face. 'Keep on the break, Jim,' she says; 'don't leave hold, and you'll soon be out of danger.' 'All right,' I says; 'I'm pulling up, and then I'll reverse my engine.' 'It's your turn, now, she says, and before I well knew what I was doing, I had signed. Yes, there it was, 'James Denning,' with a flourish at the end—a promise to abstain from intoxicating liquors—a promise I am pleased and proud to say, by God's gracious help, has never been broken.

"I felt very queer when it was done," continued Denning—"just like a man getting ready for a fight; but I had given my word—signed, and I couldn't go back. And Nancy's face was so bright and pleasant, that I felt fit to face anything my mates might say. 'You will find this night's work will bring good fruit, Jim,' she said; 'it seems as if a blessing has been bestowed upon us.' I am glad you are happy, I says; and I will try to keep my word." And then Nancy signed too, just to show she was in downright, real earnest.

"We went home and spent the rest of the evening, about an hour or so, in talking over what we would do with the money which up to that time I had spent hitherto in drink. Our home wanted many things; and when we came to tell of the money I had wasted, I felt quite ashamed of myself. 'I'll stand to it, Nancy,' were the last words I said that night; 'it's the right thing, and I'll not go near that incline again."

The next morning I was at the works by six o'clock, cleaning my engine and getting ready for Tom, who didn't come until seven. He drove one of the early morning expresses—a fast train for gentlemen to get to London by and attend to their business. When he came I saw that he had been drinking; he always had his 'morning drinks,' but this time he was worse than usual. Those who didn't know him wouldn't have suspected it; but I knew my man, and my heart ached for him as he climbed up and took his stand. He had a bottle in his breast pocket, a flat one stowed away under his shirt, which he took out and put to his lips, then passed to me.

"Have a drop, Jim," he says.

"I'll take the bottle if you like," says I, and puts it into my pocket.

"Don't take the lot," he says.

"I won't touch a drop of it," I replied, 'never again, Tom—I've signed the pledge.' 'Tom stared at me for a moment; then leans back and laughs for a long time. 'You are foolish, Jim,' he says; well if you won't drink, give me back my bottle. 'Not now, I says, it is time we were out."

"Tom always did his work pretty well, and seeing by the clock that it was time, he ran the engine out and went down to the station, where he coupled on. In five minutes we started, and as we passed under the bridge I dropped the bottle by the side of the line."

"It was a fast far in, sir, as I told you; we went right through without stopping as a rule; but sometimes a train late at Wintergreen Junction got in our way, and then we were obliged to pull up for a minute or two. This didn't often happen, but of course we kept a good look out. When we were about twenty miles out, Tom turns to me and says—"

"Jim, where's my bottle?"

"I dropped it on the line, I says; 'you will be better without it!'"

"There's a good shilling's worth of gin in it," he says.

"Then I told him that I would pay him the shilling and welcome; but he didn't reply, and when he turned to his work again there was a sullen look up on his face I had never seen before. I've learnt since that nothing rouses a drunkard like taking away his drink. He may be ever so good-natured, and stand anything else, but take away his drink by force, and you make a tiger of him."

"I saw Tom touch the handle and put on the steam."

"Tom," says I, 'your pace here is thirty, and you are going a good forty or more.'

"Mind your own business," he said, looking at me more like a vicious beast than a man; 'I'm master here.'

"I saw it was no use talking to him, so I attended to my fire, and put on fresh coal. Then I looked up and saw Wintergreen Junction ahead with the signal up."

"Tom," I says, turning cold with terror, 'turn off; don't you see the signal?'"

"I'm master here," he says again, and, folding his arms, started at me more sullen than ever."

"It wasn't the time to argue, so I turns off the steam myself, signals for the guard's brake, and putting one hand on Tom's collar, turned down my break with the other. 'Hands off!' cries Tom, and tries to put the steam on again; but I jerked him over to the other side, and tried to hold him off. While doing this we were still flying on with the brakes screeching at nearly forty miles an hour—if anything was ahead I felt it was certain death. I looked out and saw a luggage train crawling out of the Junction, and on the platform were a lot of people running to and fro, throwing up their arms like mad things. I saw all this, and can see it now, for it seems to be photographed in my mind. It was only for a moment though, and then we dashed in with a sound as if the world itself was being rent to pieces."

"I was thrown into the air, and pitched upon a bank behind the platform of the station. My leg was broken, and I couldn't move; but I could see and hear. What a scene it was! Carriages smashed and scattered in every direction, men shouting and women screaming; but above all I could hear poor Tom, who lay under the overturned engine, shrieking horribly, with the steam pouring out upon him and scalding him to death."

"Never shall I forget, never can I forget it; and often in my dreams I see the whole scene again—the white faces of the passengers as they were lifted out of the ruins, some quite killed, some slightly wounded, all shocked and terrified by the terrible accident. I won't stay long on the subject—railway accidents are common enough, and there's plenty of detail in the papers; but I must tell you that six people were killed, and about twenty injured more or less. Poor Tom was among the killed; he was dead long before the engine could be moved, and a dreadful death it was—he was literally boiled, sir, and what his agonies were no man can tell."

"I was laid up with my legs for two months, and I had to make a deposition about the accident, that is, I answered such questions as were put to me, and there was nothing said about drink, I did not mention it. Perhaps I was wrong—for the sake of others I ought to have said something; but poor Tom was dead, and I did not like to bring up the faults of a man who was in his grave. The jury brought in a verdict which meant nothing particular; the company paid damages for those who were killed and injured, and in time the matter was forgotten by the public. But it is not forgotten by me. Many and many a time I've been tempted to drink again—just to have one glass with an old friend or a mate; but I always think of poor Tom's death, and turn from it as if it was poison. I don't tell this story to many people, for they won't believe it: 'All drivers of express trains have to pass an inspector before they go upon their engines,' they say, 'Granted; but, as I have said, Tom did not show his drink; there are hundreds like him in every class, and you may see or hear of them every day. Besides an inspector is only a man, and after a time it is natural for him to pass the drivers in a mechanical sort of way. He doesn't mean to neglect his duty, but things escape his notice; a signalman or driver passes a little the worse for drink fifty times, perhaps, and nothing comes of it; but the fifty-first there is a crash, and death and misery are spread abroad."

"I've got the name for being a steady workman. I got it as a fireman, and it made me a driver. Punctuality doesn't depend upon the driver, but he may do something towards it, and

if I can keep my time I do. I know to a moment when I ought to pass every point on my line; there's not a bridge, or a tree, or a house on the whole route without a time of my own for being there, and any man who keeps his head clear of drink can do the same. I do not say that drivers and firemen are drunkards—on the other hand, they rank among the sober class of mechanics; but they do drink, and there's many a half-fuddled man at the head of a train entrusted with the lives of some hundreds of passengers. It is a serious thing to think of, for a careless glance or a loose hand may send two trains crashing into each other, cutting off in a moment the lives of a dozen people, hurrying them into eternity without a moment's reflection upon the past. All accidents are not the result of drink; but many are, as I know full well, and I wish that every driver and fireman and signalman in the country would sign the pledge to-morrow."

"I say amen to that, Denning," I said, as I arose to go. "Thank you for your story, my friend. Good night."

—British Workmen.

Behavior in Church.

BETTER IN ENGLAND THAN IN THIS COUNTRY.—RULES FOR PROPER CONDUCT.

The following is taken from a letter to the *Standard of the Cross* written by a well-known clergyman now traveling in England:

There is one very striking difference between an English and an American congregation, which I am sorry to say is not much to our credit. I allude to the behaviour of the people while in church, both during service and after it. There are few thoughtful persons I imagine, who are not often mortified by the irreverent behavior, and the useless and unseemly remarks of even the most respectable people in our churches. In England there is a noticeable absence of every thing of the kind. Persons do not talk to each other before service, or while it is going on. They are much more careful, too, than with us, to stand when standing is expected, and to kneel during prayers. They scarcely speak in the aisles, and when they do, it is in a low voice which does not disturb every one else. How often while passing down the aisles of our churches do we hear the private affairs of our neighbors discussed until by the time we have reached the door we feel as if Sunday and all that belongs to it had been left behind.

In a little village in Somerset, we saw, the other day, the following words, framed and hung in the porch:

IN CHURCH

"Kneel down humbly and pray. Spend the time that remains in holy thought. In prayer, remember the awful presence into which you have come. Never look about to see who is coming in. It matters not to you what others are doing. Attend to yourself. Fasten your thoughts firmly upon the service. Miss not one single word. This needs a severe struggle, but the blessed Spirit will strengthen you, if you persevere."

When service is over, remain kneeling and pray. Be silent, and speak to no one until you are outside. The church is God's house even when prayer is over. On your way home be careful of your talk. The world will soon slip back into your mind. Love prayer and praise best. Preaching is but the help to holy work."

There are other practices not mentioned in this extract which might be discontinued for decency's sake. Many have a habit of lounging in front of church before and after service, indulging in laughter and worldly conversation. This ought never to be done.—Some men are in the habit of walking into church with their hats on, not removing them until they are fairly in their seats, and putting them on immediately at the close service. If it is improper to keep the head covered in the house in the presence of company, how much more to wear hats in the house of God, consecrated to holy worship! **

Hymen has been doing quite an extensive business in Flint this week, which culminated yesterday in two weddings, one in the Congregational Church at Grand Blanc, and the other in the Congregational Church in this city. The persons most immediately interested in this dual protest against celibacy, were respectfully Prof. J. Willis Parker, Principal of the Michigan Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind in this city, and Miss Anna M. Hopper, Grand Blanc, and Prof. Delos Fall, Principal of the Flint High school, and Miss Ida J. Andrews, both of Flint. The ceremony at Mount Blanc was performed by Rev. Mr. Frost, assisted by Rev. Dr. Pierce, of this city, at eleven o'clock a. m., and the one in this city, at 2 o'clock p. m., by Rev. R. Cordley, assisted by Dr. Pierce. A reception was held at the home of Mr. B. M. Andrews, father of Mrs. Fall, nee Andrews, from three until five p. m., and another at the parlors of the institution in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Parker. The affairs were very pleasant indeed to all parties participating, but most especially to those personally interested. We cannot give an inventory of the brides' toilets, but it is enough to say that they looked extremely lovely and were no doubt inexpressibly happy. At the conclusion of the receptions the happy quartettes took the evening train for Detroit, whence they will depart on a trip around the lakes, being absent some weeks. The best wishes and benedictions of scores of their friends will go with them.—*Flint Globe*, July 26, 1877.

GOV. ROBINSON'S THANKS.

GRATITUDE TOWARDS THE MEMBERS OF THE STATE MILITIA FOR THEIR EFFICIENT SERVICE.

ALBANY, Aug. 1.—Gov. Robinson, as Commander-in-Chief of the State militia, caused the following order to be issued to-day:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, Aug. 1, 77.
General Order No. 15.—The Commander-in-Chief takes pleasure in expressing his sincere thanks to all the officers and men of the National Guard of this State, for the important service rendered by them in suppressing the recent riots and in protecting the lives and property of the citizens of the various portions of the State, which were threatened with lawless violence. The exigencies of the occasion required that the entire force of the National Guard should be put under arms and held ready to move at a moment's notice. The duties to be performed were of a very difficult and delicate nature. The actual and threatened violence and defiance of law were such that it became necessary to order the militia to seven different points upon the leading railway lines, extending from Lake Erie to Albany and New York. The various regiments, battalions and separate companies selected for this purpose were moved to their respective positions with a rapidity and precision which could not have been excelled by regular troops. They were handled with such skill and good judgement that within one week the disturbances were entirely suppressed and peace and order restored throughout the State without any serious shedding of blood. The event has demonstrated the efficiency and reliability of a well organized State militia. Although subjected to great privations and hardships, the best discipline was observed throughout, and the citizen soldiers returned to their homes carrying with them the thanks not only of their officers, but of all the law-abiding citizens of the State. (Signed) L. ROBINSON, Commander-in-Chief. FRANKLIN TOWNSEND, Adjutant-Gen. [Official]

The *Railroad Gazette* publishes some valuable statistics of railroad construction for the first five months of this year, with very sensible comments thereon. Taking the period referred to, for each of the last five years, which includes the panic year of 1873, we find that the total construction was smaller this year than in any except 1875, being 393 miles, against 542 miles last year, and 260 miles in 1875. In 1873 it was 918 miles. Of the total mileage so far constructed, 27 per cent is narrow gauge, and is, of course, intended only for local use or as feeders to the main roads. Fifty-four per cent of the increase was in the two States of Texas and California, while Ohio—chiefly in narrow gauge roads—was next. The *Gazette* points out that there is now very little work remaining to be done on long roads, and that we may look forward to a comparatively small rate of increased mileage for some time to come, and it adds that this is "a return to something like a normal activity in railroad construction, not a retrogression to unhealthy stagnation."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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It is a matter of necessity with us that we make this demand. The money we must have to carry on our business. We furnish a better paper than can be elsewhere found published for the benefit of the deaf and dumb and at a lower price, and its future success will depend upon liberal support and prompt payments. It is hoped that no one will be so foolish as to waste their time, stationery and postage stamps in writing to us for credit as we consider this sufficient notice and shall not squander time and money in replying to such letters—besides, we can not afford the time, if we had the disposition. We shall furnish a good paper, and one that is extremely cheap for one of its worth; but shall in every instance insist on cash payments. The price of our paper is the same as heretofore; \$1.50 a year or 75 cents for six months, postage paid. Please send orders for the Journal, accompanied by the money, or order it by agents, and we will give you a paper that is worth every cent of the money and cheap at the price.

HONORABLE RECIPROCATION.

Our friends will please remember that we have for their benefit labored diligently for more than five years to furnish them a good paper. We have received no financial recompense for our labor and more than that, partially supported the paper from our own private funds, which we were by no means able to do. But we managed by close economy to "wiggle" through, like Micawber, hoping that by and by something would turn up. Well, providence has smiled on us and a kind earthly parent has furnished the means to buy a complete list of office fixtures. It is now our hope that we can, if properly supported by patronage, make the paper pay its expenses and, if possible, also get some remuneration for our constant hard labor and close application. As we have so long worked without pay for the benefit of our friends, it is reasonable to expect that they will now reciprocate the favor by continuing to support the Journal, and when they can, help to increase its circulation. Dear friends, we sincerely thank you for what you have already done to help build up the Journal, and make it a success, and ask a continuance of your patronage. We have a good job press and respectfully solicit your patronage in the way of job work and advertising. Our shop is now built and equipped. Trusting in God, and relying on your generous support in the future, we have adjusted the compass, set the canvas, unfurled the banner, and as the "canoe" is conjointly yours and ours, while we shall strive hard to guide the craft correctly, we shall rely largely on you for assistance. Providence has seen fit to help us, and it now remains for us to continue to help ourselves. The future success of the Journal will, as in the past, depend on what its friends choose to make it.

THE VETERAN ANGLER TROUTING.

E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, went the other day to Apulia, on the Syracuse and Binghamton railroad, and caught thirty fine trout.

ELMIRA CONVENTION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Those going over Seneca Lake to Elmira, take care at Watkins on the Northern Central Railway, and in order to get reduced rates on that road they must write to the Secretary enclosing stamp, and get an order for tickets, the order to be presented at the ticket office at Watkins. So with all others who go over the Northern Central Railway from Canandaigua, N. Y., or Harrisburg, Pa., and points along the line to Elmira; they must obtain orders from the Secretary, to be presented at their respective ticket offices, or they cannot obtain reduced rates. Philadelphia parties and those on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad are requested to inform the Secretary also of their intention to attend, and he will procure and send them orders. For other routes see the programme of the Convention elsewhere. Don't neglect to enclose postage stamp.

PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Secretary.

Rome, N. Y., Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1877.

OUR NEW SIGN.

The sign, "Deaf-Mutes' Journal," which was last Saturday made to adorn the front of our office, was painted by our home artists, Messrs. Carpenter and Converse. It is a specimen of skill and excellent workmanship, and is greatly admired.

HELP THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, under the general management of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, is accomplishing wonders in evangelizing the deaf and dumb and providing them with church services, to which many of them have heretofore been strangers, since their graduation from deaf-mute institutions. The mission is also doing much for the temporal benefit of the deaf-mutes in the way of furnishing work to many out of employment, and in furnishing a home for the aged and infirm deaf-mutes, who are in destitute circumstances.

All admit that the mission is of the greatest moral significance to the deaf and dumb, but few realize that large funds are required to sustain the work. In all charitable projects, funds are constantly needed to keep the work moving, and this is not an exception; and those who have the good work in charge, earnestly solicit aid from all friends of the cause. Deaf-mutes and others who feel inclined to aid in maintaining the mission which includes the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes" in New York city, are requested to contribute of their substance. Contributions of money may be sent to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, No. 9 West 18th Street, New York.

IMPORTANT TO DEAF-MUTES GOING TO THE CONVENTION.

The Seneca Lake Steamers will carry persons attending the Convention at half fare. Pay full fare in going, and the Secretary of the Association, at the Convention, will provide certificates that will pass you back free.

Deaf-mutes and others who go from Philadelphia, Harrisburg, &c., and from all points on the Northern Central Railroad must write to the Secretary of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, F. L. Seliney, Rome, N. Y., to get orders for excursion tickets to Elmira and return. Enclose a postage stamp for reply.

Will Decline the Honor if Offered.

The editor of the JOURNAL hereby forewarns the members of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, in advance, that it will not be possible for him to perform the duties of President hereafter, as his entire time is now occupied in duties connected with the JOURNAL. After having held the offices of Secretary for four years, and of President for eight years in succession and discharging their duties to the best of his knowledge and ability, he sincerely hopes his name will not be mentioned for reelection. There is abundance of time between this and that of holding the Elmira Convention, and it will be a good plan for members to look over the matter, and fix upon some one for whom they will like to vote when the time arrives.

Concluded to Try Another Paper.

A Pennsylvania deaf-mute writes: "Please find enclosed 75 cents for six months' subscription for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. For several years I have been a subscriber to two different papers, but my subscriptions expired sometime ago, and I will now take yours in their stead."

THE RAILROAD STRIKE.

THE ATMOSPHERE CLEARING UP—CLOSING UP OF THE RAILROAD STRIKES—TRAIN MOVING—LAW AND ORDER ASSERTING SUPREMACY—A FEW LOCALITIES STILL IN REBELLION—COMPANY I WELCOMED HOME.

In our last issue, we ventured the opinion that the great railroad strikes would soon end and law and order prevail. Such, we are pleased to chronicle, is now the case on the lines of nearly all the railroads, where a few days since were enacted scenes of violence, riot and bloodshed. As is a well-known fact, strikes seldom gain the object aimed at, especially when they go so far as to over-reach the limits of lawful demonstrations, and "striking" becomes communism as has been the form it has taken, to a greater or less extent in several of our cities during the recent excitement, but, on the contrary, in most instances of "striking," accompanied by lawlessness, the strikers usually come off signally defeated, with their conditions unimproved, while the incorporated bodies assailed are the victors. The reign of terror which a few days ago reigned largely in many parts of the country, held away for a brief period, then unable to hold its own against the combined forces of soldiers, militia and civil authority, after having spent its strength, was obliged to succumb to those whose office it is to secure peace, and protect the lives and property of law-abiding citizens. Comparatively few of the strikers have gained a single point that may be termed a victory, while nearly all are no better off than before, and most are worse. A right to strike for higher wages, or to refuse to work at any price, is one which is inherent to all employees; but to none is guaranteed the privilege of interfering with the duties or business of others. That there are thousands of railroad employees and other laborers whose compensation scarcely serves to keep soul and body together we doubt not, while we feel equally certain, that there are railway companies as well as many other employers, who pay their help living wages; and, while we truly sympathize with the over-worked and poorly-fed, we have no sympathy for mobs and rioters. Public and private property must be protected, and violence must not be used to compel others to pay the price asked by employees. It is poor consolation for the strikers and rioters to point to the damages they have inflicted on the railway companies. In all cases of riot and willful destruction of property, there is a day of reckoning; losses are to be adjusted, and in nearly, if not quite every instance, the poor and hard-worked are eventually the greatest sufferers from the injury caused by riots. Peaceable strikes are always in order with those who feel aggrieved by abuses and starvation wages, but strikes, accompanied by violence and mobs are not to be endured, nor long submitted to in this republic, with its overwhelming majority of law-and-order citizens. It is poor palliation for the strikers to plead that in all their demonstrations they have respected private property, for the same laws that protect private property also guarantee the rights of railway companies.

While some railway companies deal fairly and honorably with their employees, it is safe to admit that many of them are mean, and unreasonably exacting with their help; and care not whether their employees live or starve if they can procure services at their own price, in order to largely swell their net earnings, and stuff with stocks and bonds the plenary pockets of officers and share holders. But against violence on the part of strikers, the law and all good citizens are united. Peaceable measures if any, must be adopted for the correction of abuses on the part of railway companies or other employers, and we shall heartily rejoice with earth's toiling millions of sons and daughters if the day ever dawns when all poorly-paid employees receive equitable compensation for their labor.

The call to arms was received by the military forces of this and other States, when least expected, but it was responded to alacritously, and the services of United States soldiers and the National Guard have been of marked and flattering distinction in the suppression of the insurrection, and they have been the recipients of many public and private tributes of fairly-merited praise for their valuable aid in dispersing mobs, apprehending a large number of rioters and securing peace to demoralized communities, whose peace-loving citizens were over-awed and overpowered by rebellion and anarchy. Tranquility throughout the insurrectionary districts of the country has been so nearly attained, with a fair and reasonable prospect for subsidence

into the usual channels of peace and quiet, that the principal part of the National Guard has been dismissed and returned to their usual line of duties.

Company I, 48th Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., of this village, one of the two Companies detailed from the Regiment to do patrol and guard duty in Oswego city, remained in the city from Tuesday, the 24th till Friday, the 27th, when they went to Syracuse and joined the other eight Companies of the Regiment, which had been ordered to duty, in that city, where an inspection took place, the militia there all dismissed; and the following day Company I was enthusiastically welcomed back home.

A Printing Office Without A "Devil."

When our office had been properly fitted up and we were about to commence operations, we suddenly recollected that we had made no provision for furnishing it with one very essential piece of furniture, namely a "Printer's Devil." Upon inquiring where to find the much-needed article, we were able to elicit but one answer to our queries—"the devils have all struck." In the main the information might have been correct, though, perhaps, not literally true. We, however, concluded to proceed to business without the aid of that very important appendage, after discovering that all of his satanic majesty's were apparently very busily employed.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

All deaf-mutes and their friends, who use the Book of Common Prayer, will read in the Gospel for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, (August 19th), an account of our Saviour's miracle in healing the deaf and dumb man of Decapolis. It will be, therefore, a very appropriate day for them to make offerings, to sustain the work of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, including the support of the Home. Donations may be sent to the General Manager, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., No. 9 West 18th St., New York.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet's Opinion of Ira H. Derby's New Book.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1st, 1877.
My Dear Sir:—Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., has recently published an historical sketch of the first Institution for Deaf-mutes, established in Hartford, April, 1817. It has also references to well-known individuals who have been engaged in the education of deaf-mutes. It is full of interesting matter, and deaf-mutes and their friends throughout the country, should send for it by writing to Mr. Derby.

Yours respectfully,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Grand Excursion to Kingston and Thousand Islands.

The Ringgold Fire Company of Pulaski, will make an excursion to Kingston and Thousand Islands August 12th. The excursionists will go by train, which will leave Mexico Depot at 6:30 A. M. to Cape Vincent, thence by the Steamer, *Paxon*. A good time is expected, and no pains will be spared to make the trip one of much pleasure. The Mexico Holicon Band will furnish music for the trip. A general invitation is extended to all, to participate in the excursion. The Ringgold Fire Company has an excellent reputation for getting up good excursion parties and will not disappoint their numerous friends on the present occasion.

Train leaves Mexico, 6:30 A. M.; Sand Hill, 6:45; Pulaski, 7:00; Richland, 7:15; Sandy Creek, 7:30; Mannsville, 7:45; Adams, 8:10, arriving at Cape Vincent, 9:40.

Tickets for the round trip, \$1.50; children 75 cts. Tickets may be procured at the above named stations, and also at A. F. Bett's store, Pulaski. Arrangements have been made to furnish dinners on the boat and at Kingston for all who may wish, at reasonable prices.

What is Watkins Glen?

As, many who will attend the Elmira Convention and, no doubt, accompany the excursion to the famous Watkins Glen, would like to know something about it, the writer who has been there and seen and enjoyed, jots down such information as he thinks will be timely.

There is not much to write. The Glen is one of those places that must be seen to be appreciated. One cannot escape a visit by the excuse that he has read all about it—language, when it comes to describe such things, signally fails of a title of the justice that is its due.

Imagine a long stretch of surface rock even with the land around, but fine stone manifest underground, on

a sudden struck with terrific force by a bolt Vulcan himself must have forged, and hurled with lightning gleam and rapidly fall at the centre, penetrating the unresisting stone and splitting the whole stretch in twain, not evenly, but with sharp irregularity, from end to end. Think, that after the lapse of years trees have grown and fallen across making temporary bridges leaving their offshoots to spring up all around. Suppose you see rills and streams of water winding their zigzag course in all directions, now plunging over some precipitous formation and winding cataracts, then coursing along in grooves so narrow the foot may step across, then expanding till half the rocky bottom along which your walk is, taken up by their pathway. There is a place in the rocks which is so fixed by nature that the varying course of light and spray forms a perpetual rainbow, that is a glorious sight to see, stairways were by human hands are in all proper places and the enthusiastic climber will find plenty to do. On narrow extensions of rock hardly sufficient for a foothold, supports of iron railing run the entire length so that the careful excursionist has no danger to apprehend from an unlucky stumble and fall. Occasionally one has to dodge falling spray, and on a hot day it is very refreshing to get a little sprinkled. Midway up the Glen is situated the Glen Mountain House, a commodious hotel, always full and much frequented by Philadelphians. It is an excellent place to stop and secure rest and refreshment, and around its spacious grounds will be found all the conveniences of a first class summer resort. Tickets to the Glen from Elmira and return with admission will be for sale at the low figure of \$1.20. The admission to the Glen alone would be fifty cents. Let all who can, attend and have a time they can tell of and remember with pleasure.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Remizer*.

The Remizer.

We hope all persons connected with the various institutions are enjoying their vacation.

JAY BORDEN, of Jackson, Mich., the stylish pants-maker, has been erecting a fine frame-house this summer.

WILLIAM DELAVAN (a deaf-mute), a native of New York, aged about 39 years, died in San Francisco, Cal., on the 4th of July last.

PROF. BRAVES, wife and child visited the Central New York Institution and vicinity about the middle of July, departing the same day for Montreal.

MRS. PRESIDENT HAYES is said to have a deaf and dumb niece, a bright, pretty little girl. That accounts for the kind interest she always takes in the deaf and dumb.

PRINCIPAL NELSON, of the Central New York Institution writes that he is in Paris and enjoying himself exceedingly. He leaves Liverpool for America, August 23d.

PROF. CHAMBERLAIN went up into Jefferson Co. recently to hunt woodchucks and other animals. On his return his pet rabbit turned up smiling with ten hairy young ones. The Prof. considers this a fore-run of good times.

PROF. FLOYD of New York Institution has been fishing down in Long Island, and boasts he has caught a seven-foot shark. This relieves us, for we should give to announce that the shark had been fishing and caught him.

FRIENDS of the estimable deaf-mute, John Benedict, of Levanna, N. Y., will be pained to learn that his wife has recently shown symptoms of insanity. It is probable she will receive treatment at the Willard Asylum, Ovid, N. Y.

We notice a paragraph from an Albany paper and going the rounds, to the effect that our old friend ABRAHAM COLE, of Schenectady, N. Y., "never swears when he puts up a stove pipe. He is deaf and dumb."

M. O'Leary, an intelligent deaf-mute employee of a shoe factory in Harttstown, N. Y., has been in the western part of the State with his wife. Returning he stopped over a train at the Rochester and Rome Institutions.

We don't presume to teach anybody anything when we remark simply that the New York Institution is on the Hudson River, the Central New York Institution is on the Mohawk River, and the Western New York Institution is on the Genesee River.

On the 10th of July, Sheriff Webster of Jackson Mich., returned from Grand Rapids with J. H. Mason, an ex-convict, who stole a suit of new wedding clothes from a deaf-mute harness-maker, named DAVID BERRY, a respectable bachelor, a month ago.

The citizens of Jonesville, Mich., have had their attention called to a very handsome piece of workmanship in the shape of a draped marble slab at the shop of Mr. Joel Whipple, in Jackson, Mich., the work of George W. Holland, a mute.

On Sunday July 22d, Prof. D. E. BARTLETT, talking for his text the following verse: "Be ye holy for I am holy," delivered a very interesting sermon, in his usual graphic manner, to an audience of over 75 deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity.

It is said that on account of the small number of pupils that have been admitted, the High Class of the Hartford Institution will be closed for two years to come. In the meanwhile two of the pupils have decided to enter the National Deaf-mute College at Washington, D. C.

THE Danbury News man says, now that Prof. Bell is married, with his wife and his telephone, he ought to be able to hear all that's going on in his neighborhood, and that of other folk's too. All of which is very well; but the wit and humor falls flat on those who know the Professor's wife is a deaf-mute.

MARCELL H. KERN, the well known portrait painter, is a "woolwinger"—a native of Michigan. He has been at steady work for several years, mostly in India Ink and pastel, in connection with Mr. J. M. LeClair's portrait painting which now employs about seventeen competent artists and assistants.

A Grand Basket Picnic was held at Crystal Lake in Gardiner, Mass., last Monday by the Mass. Deaf-mute Christian Union of Worcester, with its President, Mr. Geo. A. Holmes of Boston, and enjoyed it exceedingly, expressing themselves as having a very splendid time in rowing, swinging and dancing etc. There were twenty-three persons at the Lake.

As stated in last week's paper, Prof. A. GRAMMILL of Visible Speech and Telephone removal was recently married to a handsome daughter of Gardner G. Hubbard, Esq., of Northampton, Mass. While on their way to Montreal, whence they embarked for Europe, they stopped at Onondaga Lake where they met Prof. Jewell and Reeves of the New York Institution.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR SELINEY of the JOURNAL was in Syracuse recently on his way to Aurora, and while standing in a store he observed a familiar figure on the opposite side of the street. Hastily crossing he was soon in rapid converse with Editor RIDEN, who was in town on journalistic business. They parted with a rush to catch the last Saturday night train.

WALLACE H. KILBURN, who is "employed as an engraver in one of the largest jewelry establishments in Boston, is now enjoying his well-earned vacation. He went to New York two or three weeks ago, where his many friends were very glad to see him. "Humor has it that Mr. Kilburn is on the look-out for an ideal wife, who must not only be the most beautiful, as well as the wealthiest, but the wisest and kindest of her sex."

One of the Bridgford citizens of an observing and experimental turn of mind, found a toad upon his doorstep recently, and in order to discover whether it could hear well got down upon his knees and made different noises to test the question. The toad bore the noise and took part in the experiments with such unflagging good nature that the inquirer was working up considerable interest in the matter, when he happened to look up and found himself surrounded by a crowd of people who were speculating among themselves as to whether he was crazy or simply drunk."

OUR Roman friends, Messrs. R. W. and Owen Evans and Miss Ellen Evans are in a good way to obtain, divided like and like, a huge slice of a fortune of \$500,000, bequeathed by a gentleman in Wales, to relatives in this country. Competent parties are investigating the matter and climbing the genealogical tree which, if found to produce the right fruit, will make Messrs. and Miss Evans rich in this world's goods, and everybody will wish them well of their good fortune. They deserve it well. Perhaps it may not come amiss to close this item with the remark that to Associate Editor SELINEY of the JOURNAL, the prospective heirs are indebted for their knowledge of this legacy. His journalistic experience in plodding among things hidden, enabled him to bring this juicy plum to light.

A LOCAL paper in Pennsylvania tells of a youth living in the vicinity who has undergone a varied experience in casualties of a character almost sufficient to ruin any accident insurance company in which he might hold a policy. He commenced the world deaf and dumb. After attaining a sufficient growth to engage in the usual sports of childhood, he fell from a swing and received an injury from a splinter which resulted in the loss of an eye. Subsequently a horse stepped on his face, inflicting serious pain and disfigurement. Venturing too near the railroad, he was knocked down by a train of cars, and considerably bruised and injured thereby. Last Friday, while playing in the road, he was run over by a team and an arm was broken.

In view of the fact that deaf-mute picnics are the rage all over the country, and of the grand success that attended the one recently held in New York, the deaf-mutes of New England were determined not to be found lacking in the general enthusiasm, and accordingly fixed upon last Wednesday, August 8th, for a picnic at that delightful place of resort, the Rover Beach. A cordial invitation was extended to the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes to participate in this joyous occasion. Owing to the hard times which have affected nearly every one in a more or less degree and in order that those of moderate means might be able to join in the picnic, it was deemed wise not to choose a more distant and expensive place of resort. The picnic was to be under the entire charge of President Holmes, whose name is a tower of strength and a sufficient guaranty of the success of the affair; and who has always the best interests of the deaf-mutes at heart. We hope to receive a full account of the picnic for our next week's issue.

He was respectfully dressed, says the local man of the Newark Advertiser, and had evidently seen better days, but he was blind drunk, and an officer had picked him up on Broad street and taken him to Police Headquarters. "Poor fellow," said the blue-coat to the Sergeant in charge, "he is deaf and dumb; can't understand a word you say." "Playing off, I guess," said the sergeant. "Look here, young man, this thing won't work; what's your name?" "Ugh! ugh!" said the prisoner, gesticulating like mad. The usual string of questions were asked and answered in the same intelligible jargon. Finally the Sergeant said: "Where were you born?" "Ugh, ugh, ugh," said the prisoner. "Never mind," responded the officer. "I've got you down as an Irishman." The mouth of the dumb was opened, and in a voice of thunder and in as good English as Richard Grant White could have used, though not as politely, he shouted, "You lie like blazes, darn you, I was born in Bloomfield." He was led off by Doorman Ritz and locked up in a cell, and soon after he was sent up for 10 days.

THE STRIKE.

WILKESBARRE, Aug. 4.—All except the night trains are running on the Valley Railroad. Freight trains run regularly, and General Harekoper's division is stretched along the road for twenty miles, guarding it. Affairs throughout the valley are quieting down. The Lehigh and Susquehanna company will not attempt to open the road for several days.

The miners held a large meeting in Dana's grove this afternoon. They sent an invitation to Mayor Loomis and Sheriff Kitchendall to come and inform them why the military are here. The Mayor made a speech, counseling them to be peaceable. They adopted a resolution asking that the military be taken out of the valley. A part of them marched through the streets with music. General Osborne's third division has been sent there. Their places are being filled by military from other sections of the state. The Lehigh and Susquehanna road will start trains on Monday.

THE Danbury News man says, now that Prof. Bell is married, with his wife and his telephone, he ought to be able to hear all that's going on in his neighborhood, and that of other folk's too. All of which is very well; but the wit and humor falls flat on those who know the Professor's wife is a deaf-mute.

Church Service for Deaf-mutes at Potsdam, N. Y.

DIOCESE OF ALBANY,
CONVOCACTION OF OGDENSBURG,
OFFICE OF THE ARCHDEACON.

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY,
ROUSE POINT, N. Y.,
August, 4th, A. D., 1877.

Services will be held (D. V.) in the sign language, for the benefit of Deaf-mutes, in Trinity Church, Potsdam, August the 22d and 23d, at the time of the visitation of the Bishop of the Diocese.

The Confirmation Service will be held on Wednesday Evening (the 22d.) at half past 10 o'clock.

The Deaf-mutes who expect to be baptized or confirmed, will meet the Rector, Rev. H. R. Howard, and the Missionary (the Rev. Dr. Pennell) in the Church, for instruction, on Wednesday, the 22, at 4 o'clock P. M.

The Rite of Confirmation will be administered to all deaf-mutes who are prepared to receive it, also the Sacrament of Baptism.

The Rector, the Rev. H. R. Howard, requests that you will inform him as soon as possible of your intention to be present at the services.

My dear friends, your Pastors and Spiritual guides, bid you in the Name of the Lord to come again to His Temple to worship and take part in these solemn services. Let not these opportunities for feeding the starved soul, pass by unheeded. You need all the means of Grace God has given you, to help you through your earthly pilgrimage, and walking according to His Law, and having tried to be His faithful servant, you will be rewarded in a greater degree by being enabled to sing the praises of the Redeemer, in Jerusalem the Golden, forever.

Yours Faithfully,

GEORGE C. PENNELL, Missionary to Deaf-mutes, HENRY R. HOWARD, Rector of Trinity Church, Potsdam, N. Y.

THE EASTERN WAR.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN DEFEAT—HORRIBLE MARCHES UPON THE COSSACKS.

London, Aug. 5. The News' despatches from the front are panicky. The Russian campaign cannot make any progress till they have shaken off Mahomet Ali and Osman Pasha from the flanks, and Gouko's task south of the Balkans is more serious by the concentration of Suliman Pasha's forces.

The Czar has decreed fresh levies at home. The Turks will be crushed if there is power in Russia to crush them.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 5.—The Porte publishes the following:—"The Russians were completely defeated at Yemi Saghna with considerable loss, including two guns and a large quantity of baggage and equipment. They fled in disorder to the Kaimbeger pass which was occupied by Suleiman Pasha who pursue them thither."

New York, Aug. 5.—A cable special states that differences prevail between the Czar and Grand Duke Nicholas, and since Plevno the Czar says he wished himself to St. Petersburg. It is stated that when the Russian head quarters were moved from Timova to Bjela the people were horror stricken at being left to be massacred by the Turks. It is not thought the Bulgarians are of much advantage to the Russians in or out of the army, they are so afraid of the Turks. At Sistova the panic was so great that mothers threw their children into the Danube to save them from the Turks, and the bridge was crowded with wounded Russians bound to Simnura.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—The Porte has issued a circular recounting various horrible massacres which it alleges have been perpetrated by the Cossacks and Bulgarians. These include the burning alive of seventy Mussulmans of the village of Avukleni, and the cold-blooded massacre of forty others, as well as women and children. The circular declares that the English Military attaché has ascertained the truth of the foregoing.

BERGRADE, Aug. 7.—The Skuptschina, before prorogation, decided to continue the payment of the tribute to the Porte.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 7.—Mulhtar Pasha telegraphs under date of Aug. 5, as follows:—"One thousand Karpapak horsemen have defeated two Russian battalions with three guns at Demircapon, near Ardahan."

LONDON, Aug. 8.—The Standard's Athens correspondent says that many villages in the district of Volo have refused to pay taxes. The Turks have placed six guns before the gates of Volo, and threatened to bombard the town on the first sign of insurrection. Great uneasiness prevails in Thessaly and Epirus.

A Router telegram from Ragusa says a defeat of Despotovich is confirmed. The insurgents numbered 4,000 and the Turks 8,000.

The News' Vienna correspondent telegraphs: The Bosnian insurrection is at an end. The insurgents in bodies of several hundreds are crossing into Dalmatia, and are being interned on the islands in the Adriatic. Despotovich, who is now confined in Croatia, has requested permission to go to Russia. The request has not yet been granted.

The Times' special, dated Shumla, Aug. 7, reports that the Russians are concentrating in great force on the Lom river. An attack on Rasgrad is thought to be imminent.

The Times' Vienna despatch says: "According to official news from Constantinople, Mehmet Ali intends to convert Rosgrad into a fortified camp. The forces concentrated in the neighborhood of Rosgrad consist of 48 battalions of infantry, 15 batteries, and 18 squadrons of cavalry, altogether 40,000 men."

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

PROF. JOB TURNER AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

CHILMARK, MASS., July 19, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—Before writing about my stay here, I see fit to make known to your readers what has transpired under my own eyes, since my last letter was written on board the Bristol.

On the morning of the 30th ult., the boat landed us safely at Fall River, in which city I took quarters at the residence of my good friend, Mr. Samuel Wilkinson, whose cordial hospitality was very pleasing to me, and whose cheerful face is known to show kindness and hospitality. In him do I find a true friend.

On the afternoon of the 1st inst., at the Church of the Ascension, was conducted an interesting service in which I took part with the kind-hearted Rector. There were about ten deaf-mutes present. The church was pretty well filled with hearing people. I had the pleasure of seeing my old classmate, Mr. George Webster, his wife and Miss Macomber, there. They had come from a considerable distance, not only to see me, but also to receive the word of God, spoken in the sign-language. Mr. and Mrs. Webster had not seen me for about forty years. Mr. Webster and myself were admitted to the Hartford Asylum at the same time. I have seen Messrs. Webster and Douglas only, since our class was broken up. Truly do I feel sad at the idea, that death has made great havoc among my other original classmates. We were once all in a very bright class under the instruction of the late Collins Stone, afterwards principal of the American Asylum. Mr. Webster looked natural to me, though time had changed his appearance somewhat. He uses crutches, on account of rheumatism in his legs. No body can imagine how rejoiced we were to meet each other for the first time in forty years. Mr. and Mrs. Webster and her sister live in Central Village, near New Bedford. Manfully does he work at the bench in spite of his rheumatism, which is regarded as one of the most troublesome of diseases.

After service, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson kindly treated us with a nice supper, after which we dispersed to meet when I come to Fall River again. Mr. Webster told me to let him know when I would hold another service there; which I promised to do.

On the morning of the 2nd inst., I enjoyed a beautiful run up the Narragansett Bay to Providence, to which city very important business called me. I called on Mr. and Mrs. Lester for some minutes and then took the cars for Portland and Saco.

On the 4th, I spent part of the day with Mr. Oliver D. Dearing in Saco. Mr. John W. Page, one of my old schoolmates, invited me to have a ride down the river in the afternoon. We had an enjoyable sail down the Saco river, which is half as wide as the Connecticut at Hartford, in a little steamboat named *Augusta*, the name of which reminded me that I took passage with General Winfield Scott, U. S. A., on board the steamboat *Augusta*, which ran down the Potomac from Washington city to Aquia Creek in 1839; in which year I first entered Virginia. We landed at Biddeford Pool to enjoy the sea breeze, and take a fine view of the blue sea. We stopped there for a few hours and returned to Biddeford in time to witness a display of fireworks, which was splendid.

On the 8th inst., I had the gratification of meeting one of my old schoolmates, Mr. Henry Andrews, of Norwich, at my service at Grace Chapel in Providence. I had not seen him for forty years. Mr. Andrews told me that he was very glad to meet me and that he and other deaf-mutes would be happy to have me officiate for them in Norwich, which I promised to do at a convenient time. Among my lady attendants was Miss Mary E. McRay of River Point, near Providence. She has the appearance of a speaking lady; that is, she can talk plainly. She once taught a deaf-mute girl at Vicksburg, Miss., for about two years. The results of the late war compelled her to return home.

On the night of the 9th inst., I held a service in St. Paul's Church, Pawtucket, R. I., which was well filled with hearing people, though there was but one deaf-mute in the audience. Her name was Miss Abby E. Bates. The Rector is a gentleman of fine attainments and pleasing manners. He told me he would be happy to let me use his church at any time.

On the tenth inst., Mrs. Lester Miss McRay, five deaf-mute ladies and myself had a fine sail down the Narragansett Bay to Field's Point, about five miles from Providence, where we enjoyed a first-rate clam bake dinner. The ladies showed me how to make a clam bake. A well cooked clam bake pleases the palate more than any other one thing. We promenaded the grounds on a lovely day.

On the night of the 10th inst., I parted with them in Providence and started for New York on the splendid steamboat *Rhode Island*, to join a grand deaf-mute picnic at Tarrytown, which I did, to my great delight the next day.

On the morning of the 11th inst., the sun was rising very beautifully when we landed in New York city. I enjoyed a hearty breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, after which we walked to the wharf to join the deaf-mute party on board the steamboat

Fort Lee, which had been chartered for our own use. Soon the boat came to the wharf, heavily laden with deaf-mute excursionists. We got on board and started for Tarrytown. It was a very lovely day, and we enjoyed a very beautiful sail up the noble Hudson River. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Prof. Lloyd, a semi-mute, one of the teachers of the N. Y. Institution. From my talk with him, I found him a highly educated gentleman.

While we were going up the river, Mr. James Lewis, the city deaf-mute missionary, showed me the beautiful villa, which Washington Irving, the celebrated poet, once occupied as a home.

Mr. James S. Wells, once a teacher of the Texas Deaf-mute Institution, showed me the spot where Major Andre was hanged as a spy.

Upon our arrival at Tarrytown, we walked about one mile and a half, and occupied Washington Grove, where our illustrious Washington once spent the night in a tent. A very enjoyable picnic did we hold there.

Mr. Wells kindly offered to show me the spot where Major Andre was caught by three men, and I very gladly accepted his offer. We walked to the spot, where stands a giant monument about thirty feet high to commemorate his capture. I saw the spring at which Major Andre drank before he was captured. We next passed by a beautiful Episcopal church where Dr. Gallaudet occasionally preaches for the benefit of the deaf-mutes. We went to the old cemetery where we saw the grave of one of Major Andre's captors, and that of Washington Irving.

I would give you a fully detailed account of the picnic, but it has already been published in the JOURNAL. The deaf-mutes behaved like gentlemen and ladies. Thanks to God, we all returned home safely, much pleased with our repast.

On the forenoon of the 12th inst., I called on my friend, Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, and enjoyed a short talk with him. Afterward I went to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, and staid there, till Misses Middleton and Seymour and myself went over to Blackwell's Island, to distribute among the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum, one thousand bunches of flowers which Miss Middleton had received from a flower mission.

On the evening of the 13th inst., I left N. Y., for New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard, on board the staunch steamboat *City of Fitchburg*. We had a stormy night on the sound. So much fatigued did I feel, that I retired to my state room very early. We were so late in reaching New Bedford, that the well known steamboat *Monahansett* met us in the Bay and kindly took us on board. We reached our destination safely.

On the 15th inst., we had four fine services at the school house in this place. I am having a pleasant home with Mr. and Mrs. George West. I have spent two pleasant days with Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Smith this week. Mr. Smith and myself had a sail about one mile to see how he catches lobsters. We were rolled by rough waters. I had much confidence in him. He knows very well how to manage and steer sailing boats. He caught two hundred and five lobsters in about two hours while we were in the boat.

On the 18th inst., Mrs. West, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Smith and myself took a beautiful sail to Gayhead Light-house, situated at the most extreme point of this island. I returned safely as usual through a fog.

I have had a pleasant time. This is such a pleasant place, that I would stay here many days longer, but my time will not permit. I have an appointment to fill in Boston next Sunday. I must, therefore, bid good-bye to this island, where everything looks green and productive. Corn is as high as my shoulders.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

TO ELMIRA AND BACK.

Sometime in the latter part of June I received a peremptory inquiry as to whether it was not time to make arrangements for the Elmira Convention. I thought it was, and without more ado, although it was raining terribly, jumped on the four o'clock train from Rome, N. Y. At Utica I just caught the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western train for Binghamton and was soon speeding through as fine a stretch of country as Central New York can furnish. That famous watering place, Richfield Springs, was in its glory. But the unappreciative iron horse just stopped long enough to relieve the care of a high pile of trunks and uncoupled a drawing-room car, then started and was off. I subsided into the depths of my paper and was in the midst of the Hilton-Seligman squabble, when a portly form sat down beside me, raising an echo which even I heard. He proved to be a friend of other times and we were soon chatting over the long ago. He left me at Norwich, where I also got out in search of a sandwich, (not a sand-witch), but, although the little restaurant was both convenient and loaded, the particular article was missing. There is a poster on the wall which catches your eye as you enter, and bears this legend, "The best cider in the world sold here." I was hungry, not thirsty, and, since there were no sandwiches, compromised on a huge piece of cake, the biggest I ever bought for five cents.

I reached Binghamton about nine o'clock, then jumped on the waiting evening train, and arrived at Elmira about twelve. What happened mean-

time I know not, for I slept, and as soon as I got inside my room at the Rathbun House, my slumbers were continued. The next morning I called on the mayor, and he expressed himself happy to welcome the Convention if he was in town at the time of the meeting. Arrangements were soon completed with the various hotels and then I went forth to "hire a hall." The Stanchiff is an elegant scene-theatrical structure; but is too costly a luxury and the Convention will hold session elsewhere. While I was looking around I stumbled over a boot-black—with information blazoned on his hat to all interested that it was ten cents a shine. He proved to be a deaf-mute—an uneducated one too. He looked some twenty years old, and I was informed that he had a wife and children, and to my inquiries why on earth he was not sent to school, they said he wouldn't go. By means of very natural signs, I gathered that his wife was also a mute, could read and write, and by her work, brought in some little income. He himself had a good blacking patronage, fluctuating to be sure, as he generally got but five cents a shine. He has a good idea of hard times, and it does not speak well for the civilization in those parts which allowed him to grow up uneducated. I can commend him, however, as an excellent boot-black.

My business concluded, I returned to Rome over the same route I came, and can say it is a good one for those attending the Convention.

KOUFONETI.

A WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, MASS., Aug. 4, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I will now write some Worcester items that may interest your readers.

Monday afternoon, July 23d, I commenced keeping house at No. 8 Denny street in this city, when my wife and child came to Worcester from Marlborough. We all enjoy our new home very much, and expect to make Worcester our residence as long as we live. We live on the west side of the city, and are in a healthy location.

Wednesday evening, the 25th ult., after eight o'clock, we were all taken by surprise by nine deaf-mutes, who were Mrs. Elizabeth Denny, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, Messrs. Green, Parcells and Knight, and Miss Joslin and Miss Houghton, with her little sister, with whom we enjoyed a short conversation. Before they came to my house, they left the mutes' Hall for old Mrs. Denny's residence to see her. She then led them to my residence.

Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock, George M. Holmes, President of the Deaf-mute Society, conducted a religious service before the deaf-mutes in their rooms, Gorham's Block in this city. His sermon was very good indeed, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. Five speaking persons were present. After the service we held a Bible class and read the chapter of Genesis x.

Before the middle of the afternoon, the President of the Society, Mrs. D. B. Howe, old Mrs. Denny, Misses Joslin and Whitney were callers at our house. Most of the mutes were making arrangements for going to Gardner, Mass., to enjoy a picnic.

Monday morning, the 30th ult., it was cloudy, and looked like rain, but all the mutes, except Henry M. Howe, Miss Alice Houghton, Miss—Taff, my wife and myself, went to the picnic notwithstanding the storm.

They left the Union depot here for Gardner at eight o'clock a. m., and while they were in the cars it rained more or less, till they got to the grove, when they went to a place of shelter from the rain which stopped before noon.

They enjoyed playing, dancing, boating, &c., till the middle of the afternoon, when they ate a very nice dinner at a table, after which some of the mutes made short but good speeches.

Mr. Parcells, formerly of the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, told them "no more" at which they laughed and then they went to the depot at 4:30 p. m., so as to be ready to start for home. There were about twenty-two mutes who came from Worcester, West Boylston and Winchendon. As the train approached a certain station, Mr. Green, Secretary of the Society, said to them, "Worcester," when the deaf-mutes from that city arose, took their bundles in their arms and prepared for leaving the cars, and then he told them that they were sold. Then they resumed their seats, till they arrived all right at Worcester, at 6 o'clock p. m. How much they enjoyed the picnic! The President of the Society went home to Boston that night.

Tuesday, July 24th, Miss Taft, a deaf-mute lady of this city, went to the beach, (I don't know what place), to spend a few weeks. I hope she will return home in better health.

Miss Houghton, a semi-mute lady of this city, went to Martha's Vineyard on Monday morning, July 30th, to remain there for a short time.

There will be no Sunday services in the Deaf-mutes' Rooms during the month of August, on account of the summer vacation. Our meetings will commence Sept. 1st, and I hope they will have better success in the future.

The history of Worcester that I am working on, will be finished very soon. It may be very interesting to those who like to read histories. It is being written by Caleb A. Wall of this city, and contains over three hundred pages. This is the first volume and I may, before long, be at work on another volume.

Yours truly,
D. W. CARY.

HYMNICAL HAPPINESS.

The social circles of Indianapolis, Ind., have for a long time looked forward with great anticipations to the event of the marriage of William R. Corwin and Saddle J. Crabbs, (both deaf-mutes) which were fully realized. The elegant wedding occurred yesterday at the residence of the bride's mother, at Portland, Indiana. The bride and groom were met by Rev. H. P. Cory of the Presbyterian church, who bound them in holy wedlock. They were made happy by receiving hearty congratulations, and all were joyous and happy. The bride is a very handsome and accomplished lady, a general favorite in society, and will be greatly missed by her friends in the Institution for Deaf-mutes. Mr. Corwin has for five years been connected with the Indiana Institution for Deaf-mutes as teacher, and is held in the highest esteem by all acquaintances and friends. He is an experienced business man.

July 11th, 1877. W. R. MARTIN.

That Excursion.

Your correspondent "Tapanzie" who sent you the one column article about the picnic, admitted that W. A. Bond worked with more than Herculean patience. To that I have to add the truth, but it will be a little better for me to congratulate the Association on its success as well as to say that the names of the committee that were omitted, ought to have full justice done to them. So, permit me to say, that Wm. O. Fitzgerald, E. M. Coffin, I. Godfrey, A. Eckard, G. H. Witschief, S. Schluss, Jas. S. Wells, and L. Louwenstein did all in their power to please the excursionists, and did all that could be desired, and greater credit is due to them than your correspondent "Tapanzie" thought, and from my own experience, they did more than the Chairman and they deserve more credit than the Chairman W. A. Bond deserves.

EXCURSIONIST.

A Trip Down in Maine.

ROCKLAND, ME., July 29, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—On the 10th of July I left my home at Marblehead for a canvassing tour in the Pine Tree State. I left by one of the Boston and Portland steamers, arriving in Portland at four o'clock in the morning and proceeded to Lewistown; from thence to Farmington, away in Maine, the terminus of a branch of the Eastern railroad. From there we had a ride of 26 miles in the stage, with a splendid view of the surrounding country to Skowhegan, where I met with good success. This is also a terminus of another branch of the same road, fourteen miles long, running from Waterville to this place. I changed cars for Dexter, and thence to Dover by stage 12 miles, where I took the cars of the Bangor and Piscataqua Railroad, a branch of the European and North American Railroad, to Moose Head Lake, a famous place for trout and salmon fishing. In the extreme north of Maine, it is a summer resort of sportsmen from all parts of the country. Returning I went on my way to Bangor, stopped over at Sebec and had a grand view of Sebec Lake, another famous resort for visitors. We had a fine view of Mount Katahdin and it is a charming spot. There I admired the bold peaks. They seem to be but a few miles, but they are really forty miles from Sebec. After this, I went on my way to Bangor, where I stopped over a week and canvassed the place. I would have succeeded well there, but they have contributed \$100,500 for the St. John's sufferers. This is a large sum for a small city, like Bangor, to give, with a population of about 25,000.

I met quite a number of deaf-mutes, who favor the Industrial Home as a needed institution for our unfortunate. I received much encouragement from a good many citizens, to go ahead with the work. After having finished my work there, I proceeded down the river to Belfast, where I called on C. A. Brown whom I found at work, digging a well. Like any Irish man, he works at odd jobs when not engaged at his trade—that of shoemaking. During one night, when a poor, unfortunate skunk was prowling about, for C. A. B.'s chickens, I suppose, but missed its way somehow, and fell into the well, where it was found the next morning by C. A. B., as he was going down the ladder. It was fortunate that he did not disturb it, but beat a hasty retreat, or something else might have happened to him. He got a box and let it down over him with a rope and managed to get it in the box without much trouble. He let it go free, for he was merciful to the poor "critter."

I have called on Mr. Staples, of this place. He informed me that he likes your paper very much and will continue to take it.

News about the deaf-mutes is scarce. We have now our long-looked-for rain, as the crops were suffering from drouth for nearly six weeks.

SAMUEL HAMILTON.

HOT FOR THE CONVENTION.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION.

Mr. and Mrs. William O. Fitzgerald, if nothing prevents, will be guests at the Convention.

Mr. John Carlin, the artist, will if he can, be seen at the convention.

Mr. Moses Hayman, who was taken ill at the Water-Loom Convention, is out and ready to go to Elmira.

Mr. Thomas I. Godfrey of Brooklyn, who has never attended the Convention, will be found there.

Mr. John Witschief, the Vice-President, who took Mr. Chancellors place at the N. Y. Convention, will be present with his wife.

Mr. Geo. H. Witschief, a brother of John, will be glad to see his friends there.

Mr. Frank Campbell, one of the founders of the Empire State Convention, at Syracuse, will go.

Mr. Solomon Schluss, the Vice-president of the Manhattan Literary Association will go.

Mr. J. E. M. Coffin, late of the Southern States, will start for Rochester, and will go from there to the Convention.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and wife will be glad to have a large company of their friends at the Convention.

Prof. Edwin Hodgson, foreman of the *Educator* Printing Establishment at the N. Y. Institution, will be at the Convention.

Miss Kate Blayvelt, it is said will go directly to Elmira to enjoy the time. Miss Walter, the fine and dignified young lady, will probably go to the Convention.

Mr. Charles O'Brien, if he is not busy, will beat the Elmira Convention. Mr. Gus. Fersenheim, of the N. Y. Post Office, will be reported on good authority, go.

Mr. C. S. Newell, who has been out west will, if no circumstances prevent, be there.

W. A. Bond also goes. It is not known yet whether or not Prof. R. B. Lloyd of the N. Y. Institution will go.

Prof. J. W. Conklin, of the N. Y. Institution, will not go.

Prof. W. Gamage, supervisor of the N. Y. Institution, is hesitating about going. Prof. C. W. Van Tassel, of the N. Y. Institution, will have to remain at home to take care of his offspring.

Prof. H. D. Reeves of the N. Y. Institution will, it is reported go.

Prof. W. G. Jones, of the N. Y. Institution, declines to go these hot days.

Prof. W. Brown, assistant supervisor of the N. Y. Institution has his vacation in July and can't get off in August to go.

Prof. Joseph Clemens, of the N. Y. Institution, will not go because he has his vacation this month.

Mr. F. Klingman contemplates going.

The most puissant George L. Reynolds will not go.

Prof. I. L. Peet, of the N. Y. Institution, will go to Elmira and probably speak on the eight-hour system.

James Russell of N. Y. will take his charming wife along the route and arrive at Elmira in time to shake hands with his old teacher.

A NEW YORKER.

Actives Whipped Again.

The Active B. B. C. (composed of deaf-mutes) went to Staten Island, on Saturday, the 21st ult., to play the Alaska of that island game. But they were summarily shown their way home soon after the game was over. McFall's pitching and Scott's catching were the worst ever made. The other players made a good many "muffs," and when the game ended it was found that the score was, Actives 4, and Alaskas 20. The Actives came home with awful stories, to the effect that the Alaskas were a set of loafers that cheated them. This is not the cause of the defeat, but it is the old stale excuse of the Actives, and as they were not Active enough, they deserved the thrashing the Alaskas gave them.

EX-BASE BALL PLAYER.

Franklin Mineral Springs Hotel, Cowlerville, Wyo., N. Y.

Four miles south from Alden Station, on the New York and Erie Railway, twenty-two miles east from Buffalo: a carriage goes to the morning and evening trains each day, except Sunday.

The subscriber having assumed entire control of the management of the above named Hotel, begs leave to inform the old patrons of the establishment, his friends, and the public, that the house is now open for the reception of guests, pleasure seekers, and all those that desire to avail themselves of the benefit to be derived from the use of mineral waters, at a great reduction from prices charged in seasons past. The subscriber wishes to be understood, that he intends to provide for those that patronize the establishment, all the comforts and accommodations that are to be found in any first-class country Hotel in Western New York. The great curative properties of the water of this Mineral Spring have been thoroughly tested by thousands for various diseases, such as Scrofula, Diabetes, Bright's disease, all Kidney troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, Skin diseases, and all impurities of the blood. Numerous testimonials can be furnished of cures made by the use of this water. Below, I give the analysis of Prof. Hadley, of Buffalo, made in 1865. Late examinations, by scientific persons, have decided that the water now possesses Iron in large quantities, and Carbolic acid.

PROF. HADLEY'S ANALYSIS:—Carbonate of Soda; Carbonate of Lime; Carbonate of Magnesia; Chloride of Sodium; Chloride of Calcium; Chloride of Magnesia; Bromide of Calcium; Bromide of Magnesia; Bromide of Sodium; Iodide of Sodium; Iodide of Calcium; Iodide of Magnesia; Sulphate of Soda, Lime, and Magnesia, a trace; Free Carbonic Acid; Carbonic Acid, including Lime and Magnesia in solution.

Hot and cold mineral water baths in the Hotel, charges extra. Rooms large and well ventilated.

TERMS:—For board and room, five and six dollars per week, according to location of room. Transient board per day, two dollars. Good accommodations for horses at reasonable rates for board of same. Facilities for riding, and at low rates.

The patronage of yourself and friends, to whom you may show this circular, is respectfully solicited.

Yours Truly,
L. M. KITTSLY, Proprietor.
COWLESVILLE, May 1, 1877.

He Never Told a Lie.

I saw him standing in the crowd—
A comely youth and fair!
There was a brightness in his eyes,
A glory in his hair!
I saw his comrades gazing on him—
His comrades standing by—
I heard them whisper each to each,
"He never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy,
As he stood there so young,
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue.
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And knew of none that one could say;
"He never told a lie!"

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did enchain me long;
I had not seen a boy before so
So perfect and so strong.
And with a something of regret
I wished that he was I,
So they might look at me and say;
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right;
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son! what caused the fight?"
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin pie?"
What boy could answer all of these,
And never tell a lie!

I proudly took him by the hand—
My words with praise were rife;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life:
I told him I was proud of him—
A fellow standing by
Informed me that that boy was dumb
Who never told a lie!

—Boston Gazette

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

(From the Detroit, Mich., St. John's Chronicle.)

Under the auspices of the Church this newly incorporated organization continues to extend its influence and gain strength. At first its work was limited to a small compass—to the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Albany. Then it had but two or three workers. But the time soon came when persons, both hearing and speaking, were found able and willing to help carry the mission to a wide extent, and now the adult deaf-mutes of a majority of the principal cities of the Union enjoy the blessed privilege of religious instruction. Of the hearing and speaking clergy familiar with the "silent language of signs" are the following: Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., General Manager of the above named mission, and Rector of St. Ann's Church, N. Y. city; Rev. Francis I. Clerc, D. D., Rector of Burlington College, N. J.; Rev. Geo. C. Pennell, S. T. D., of Northern, N. Y.; Rev. John Chamberlain, Dr. Gallaudet's assistant, and Rev. Thos. B. Berry of Granville, N. Y., who holds occasional services in Albany and Troy. Of deaf-mute clergymen there are at present but two: Rev. H. W. Syle of Philadelphia and Rev. A. W. Mann of Cleveland, Ohio. The former conducts a prosperous mission in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, and makes occasional visits to Baltimore. The latter itinerates at the west and has missions in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, and several other cities of smaller size, among which may be mentioned Jackson and Flint in this State. For the large cities it is proposed to provide services on Sundays, and leave week-day services for the smaller points. By this arrangement the missionary is enabled to do more work without lessening the frequency of the Sunday services to an unreasonable extent.

The rest of Dr. Gallaudet's associates in this special work are deaf-mute readers. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Job Turner, for a number of years a teacher at the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, located at Staunton. This gentleman now itinerates in the New England States, visiting the principal cities.

From a small beginning the present work begins to assume goodly proportions. It is the outgrowth of the labors of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet dating its origin in the year 1850, when he started a small Bible Class, composed entirely of adult deaf-mutes. This class rapidly increased in numbers. Not much time elapsed before St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes was founded. Space forbids our going into a detailed account of its origin and growth, its trials and discouragements, and the good work it has accomplished since. To it belongs the honor of being the parent stem from which have sprung all these special efforts of the Church, in making most timely provision for the spiritual care of a class neglected so long in a most important matter.

The idea of making the mission one of the permanent institutions of the Church is an excellent one and finds favor with all to whom it has been broached. Intimately blended with this idea is the subject of its maintenance. The deaf-mutes themselves contribute their share toward the support of the missionaries. But in the present imperfectly organized condition of the work they can not alone contribute sufficiently, under such circumstances the Church is appealed to for an occasional offering. In every case a cheerful response has been the result. Some of the missionaries depend en-

irely upon their calling for the means of support. In most cases this has been markedly slim—by far too small for the support of a family and the payment of traveling and other expenses—one of them left the profession of teaching which yielded a comfortable salary, say \$1,100 per annum. In his present work for the past two years he has not even yet received that sum. The first year he was paid \$498, and during the eleven months of the second year he has received but \$436. His traveling and other expenses have formed by no means a small item; and when it is known that he has a family to support, the wonder is, that he can even get along at all.

With the advent of better times and a more general acquaintance with the extent and needs of this new work of which there might be provided, a more liberal support, thus relieving the missionary of one of the most harassing of anxieties and removing one of the causes which detracts largely from his usefulness as a minister of God's word.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE THAT SPEAKS TO DEAF-MUTES.

AN EXTRACT FROM BISHOP HUNTINGTON'S ADDRESS AT THE CONVENTION OF THE DIOCESE OF CENTRAL NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1877.

We have orders from our Lord to meet with especially adapted ministrations of mercy every form of privation or suffering brought to light in the community. It is one of the divine principles of a Kingdom which is a perpetual tending of the healing love of heaven to humanity. Nay more, we are an army of quest as well as conquest, bidden to find out these shapes of misery, and to bring them peace by Jesus Christ. In his biography they are often named; and unless the Church continues the same compassion which soled those multitudes "at the going down of the sun" her own sun goes down, and her Lord's face is hidden from her eyes. Within a few yards it has occurred to Church philanthropy that the deaf-mutes in this country form a class large enough and unhappy enough to warrant a distinct form of evangelization. In three separate counties of our Diocese they are especially numerous. At Rome a strong institution of education for them has lately sprung up. On my late visit there, I was met by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, the shepherd at large of these silent souls, who has the welcome run of all the moors and hills, inspired by an enthusiasm which is both hereditary and ever-fresh. He had with him at this time a speechless Deacon, who preached in the sign-language. Some final gate keepers, I believe, have imagined it to be an abuse of the Gospel to allow men with such defects of the senses to preach. But it is certain that a great deal of grace has made its way into the world without the language of words, and that there are silences before God quite as evangelical and quite as eloquent as ordinary discourse. The letter still killeth; and still the Kingdom of God is not in word but in power.

It was not syllables so much as signs that lighted God's Israel along paths of glory. The graves of the martyrs were dumb; but they sanctified the early believers more than spoken sermons. And the Cross itself has signalled hearts to Heaven without lips or voice. If defects of "the senses" are to be a disqualification for sacred functions, we must take equal care about defects of "sense." What if we were to exact symmetry of the brain and an unmutated understanding as rigorously as we are told we should a vocal tongue, or two arms or feet? So vocal as the Providence of our Father suffers many of His children to live without articulation or hearing, I conclude He is willing that now and then one of them should lead the rest to their Saviour. Our service at Rome was calculated to enlarge the range of Christian thought.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Aug. 12th.

The Psalter for the 12th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Deuteronomy iv to v 41.
2d Lesson—Matthew xviii.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Deuteronomy v.
2d Lesson—James iii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Aug. 19th.

The Psalter for the 19th day of the month.

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For The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

How rapidly time passes away! Here we are nearly through the month of July. The month is near through than our story.

Why such long faces at the home of Judge Shelby this morning? Harvey is going away to college. The Judge puts on smiles, so that the rest of the household may not notice his emotions. This is the first break there has been in that family. Each day, as they were seated at the festal board, counted them all in. There were now no schools adapted to him in the place where they resided. Besides, Harvey had made rapid advancement in his studies, mastering what he undertook.

Mrs. Shelby was unusually reticent, yet amid all the small, hallowed smiles sat triumphant on her brow, her features placid as yonder silver lake, on whose bosom no ripples were. With this estimable lady it was "clear sky and calm sailing." See Miss Emma! She first looks at her mother and then at her father. Her voice falters on her tremulous lips. She breathes out words such as can only a pure, sisterly heart.

She takes her brother's hand while she puts on his finger a love token, in the shape of a ring. Inside of that ring are engraved these words, "Forget me not. From Emma to Harvey." Ah! that brother did not need this beautiful reminder. Emma was his beautiful ideal of a good sister. Through her influence his mind had been trained to those studies, the pursuit of which was ennobling and elevating. Charles looked sad and lonely. He, being so much younger than Harvey, he could not fully understand why the schools at home were not good enough. In a few short years, what he could not then comprehend, would be made plain, for he was stepping rapidly into his brother Harvey's tracks.

By the time that Harvey would be ready for active business pursuits, and was again at home, Charles would succeed him, so that in all probability they would never again dwell under the same roof as of yore. Ah! there comes a time when family ties are sundered. We cannot return to former conditions. We imagine we do. We do in spirit, yet when we recall the past, a long-drawn sigh escapes us; it is not as it once was. Our brothers, our sisters, where are they? Echo answers where? Yonder hill-top tells the story. There they lie beneath the willow tree; others of them are in lands beyond the sea. They have formed other associations. Sometimes the postman's ring tells us we are not forgotten by the absent ones. We look at the postmark, we break hurriedly the seal, we read the heading, and the unbidden tear starts as we read word after word, the messages of love from those who once sat with us at our home table, when dear father and mother presided and brothers and sisters surrounded us. We are once more children, and with filial love we look from our loved letter to the dear old faces hanging on the wall. We breathe out "Father," "Mother," but no echo is waited back. We feel the oppression of grief. We sigh as we mentally say, "Is it so? Are we nearly the last of our race?" We return to the actual things of life, and amid our tears and our depression, we smile with a holy triumph, as we gaze into the sweet by-and-by, while we sing "Over there." Then looms up the thought, a little longer and life's conflicts all o'er, our weary feet shall stand where our own loved ones now tread. Then we rejoice in all these pleasant memories of the gone-before, brush away our tears, gird ourselves for our journey, when, lo! in the distance we hear the glad sounds from the harpers—"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard the joys reserved for the blest."

Emma walks to the window, sees the coach that will shortly convey her dear brother to the depot; puts on hat and gloves, ready to start, for she will go just as far as she can with her brother. The time has come. Lilla looks thoughtful as she holds Charles's hand. The good-byes are breathed out, the parting blessing invoked, and off they start—the Judge and Miss Emma, while Charles and Lilla remain at home, with Mrs. Shelby, who cannot accompany them, on account of her lameness. No sooner has the sound of the horses' hoofs died away, than that dozing mother says, "Loving Father, protect the lad." That prayer is recorded, and the angel of the covenant bends in tenderness o'er that waiting mother's heart, and even then there comes to that mother the assurance that her own dear boy is watched by Israel's Shepherd, who never slumbers or sleeps.

A settled calm comes o'er that mother's heart, and by the time the Judge and Miss Emma return, she is peaceful and smiling and her dear face looks as a beautiful summer's day, when the showers have fallen, and, lo! in the distance, yet not too distant, the cheering sunbeams begin to play amid the pearl-drops of rain. And as the eye intently gazes, the rainbow appears, with its beautiful blending of colors. The heavens kiss the earth and harmony reigns, as the glorious token tells the sweet story that seed time and harvest shall not fail, for God hath set His bow of promise in the cloud. She rests in the full assurance of faith. Sweet rest. Blessed assurance, and it is even so.

Charles redoubles his diligent attention to his mother. He means to act as Harvey did. Lilla sits quietly at grandma's feet, as she sweetly sings, "What a friend we have in Jesus." She gets a little off the track, as she sings, "Yes, dear Jesus, what a friend we have in grandma."

Sing on, dear pet. Thy little offering of praise reaches the heart of Infinite Love, and angels are listening as thy infant lips lip the praises of thy earthly friend, even dear grandmother.

It may be from yonder heights one catches the strain, as the hidden hand of thy sainted mother beckons thee on, and points to the beyond; while engraved in letters of light are these words, "onward and yet onward."

Emma comes tripping in. Before hat and wraps are taken off, she goes to mother and says playfully, "Mother dear, Harvey went off like a man." At the same time her voice trembled while she said, "and mother dear, I, like a brave woman, let him go." Mother looked up and as she did so a precious tear-drop glistened in Emma's eyes, and that sacred tear met one from mother's eyes. They mingled into one, emblematic of the oneness there was between the mother and daughter. Eye met eye, heart met heart, lips met lips, and hand joined hands, and there they sat till aroused by Lilla calling out, "Charles!"

Now as the task was over, Grandma called for the morning papers, and Emma gave directions for the day. Lilla took up her little book, and began to study her morning lesson. Charles fastened up his school-books with the strap, kissed all hands round and started off for school, while Lilla called out, "Charles, don't learn too much, or you will have to go to college too. I don't want you to go away too, as Harvey has. Oh, dear, don't, don't." Then the little one cried and shed those tiny tears, and those little eyes wept, while grandma wiped them away, and Emma kissed the sunbeams back to her brow. So no more clouds for Lilla.

Hark, listen! What is that! Ned is whining, going from room to room. Looks first at grandma, then at Lilla. What ails the dog? His friend has gone, and he does not like it. He refuses food and drink, and that day goes to Harvey's room, paws at the door, and barks through the key hole. He acts as if he must get one of his loudest barks into the smallest compass, so that his young master will certainly hear him. Ned has learned the art of concentration. He does not intend any other ear but that of Harvey's shall hear him. He fills Harvey's room full of barking, and goes down stairs to rest; then, returns only to discover that the bark has all evaporated, and therefore begins anew.

Lilla is through with her lesson and has recited to grandma. Daisy purrs, stretches and yawns, makes signals that it is about time for the play of the day to begin, so Lilla gets ball and twine, and off they run for their morning's romp, and to play hide-go-seek, which they do to their satisfaction. The Judge comes home to dinner, and Lilla recounts the incidents of the morning. She gets on her knee and tells him that grandma heard her lesson, and told him she was good. Grandma smiles.

Dinner bell rings. The meal is over, and grandpa rests in his cozy chair. He falls asleep, and drops his eyelashes. Daisy makes a jump for them, while Lilla says, "Oh, you naughty cat. Come here." That performance over, Lilla is told to lie down, shut up her peepers and go to sleep. She obeys, and after a time, awakens, is taken by the maid, washed and neatly dressed, and is now ready for a ride with Rev. Mr. Jerome and her aunt Emma. Off they go to the Park. Charles returns from his school, and instead of going out to play that afternoon, takes book in hand and sits by his mother, and reads to her "Betsey Bobbit," so as to get up a laugh, and the laugh often comes in, as Josiah Allen's wife tells of her wonderful exploits, while at the village of New York. More anon.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—If there is a man who thinks that it is an easy job to be honest, just let him try it once.

—When the riots in Pennsylvania broke out, Governor Hartranft was in Omaha. He traveled from there to Pittsburg in a special train at the rate of forty miles an hour.

—In this country the proportion of persons having sound teeth is only 1 in 80; hence it comes that we have 12,000 dentists in active service, who use up annually half a ton of pure gold, besides the cheaper filling material.

—Don't take stock in a man's conversation till he saves his cigar money to buy a bonnet for his wife, and puts his liquor bills into new shoes for the children, and pays the house rent instead of going to the race-course.

—Lord Derby's attempted explanations by no means satisfy the English press that the Government is not busily preparing for war. Everything indicates that England will not allow Russia to occupy Constantinople if she can help it.

—A Vienna correspondent adduces as further proof of the groundlessness of the peace rumors, the fact that the Ottoman ambassador at Vienna has been ordered to make large purchases of war material. This and similar measures show that the war party has the upper hand in Constantinople.

—It is said that William M. Everts the other day began to tell a man that his coat-tail was on fire. Before he got through the first half of the sentence, three barns, twenty tons of hay and nine billy goats were burned up, not counting the coat-tail.

—A Massachusetts man dying, left a will bequeathing one-third to his only living child, and one-third to the child soon to be born. The posthumous issue proved, however, to be twins, and the courts are to settle the novel question how the estate is to be divided.

—Ex-Gov. Moses and ex-Speaker Lee of South Carolina, have been sent to jail, failing to obtain bail on the charge of issuing bogus pay certificates. Lieut. Gov. Gleaves and Senate Clerk Woodruff are reported as having fled, as warrants on the same charges are out against them.

—While the Emperor of Brazil was lately attending a scientific meeting in Paris, a gentleman read a paper in which Dom Pedro was praised without stint for his devotion to the cause of science and the useful arts. The Emperor expressed his disapproval of the fulsome compliments by leaving the room in the midst of the reading.

—The "racket" between Ex-Judge Hilton and the Jews recall a famous tilt between O'Connell and Disraeli. The Irishman taunted the Jew with being a "lineal descendant of the impudent thief on the cross." Disraeli's answer is not so well known. He conclusively replied that "one-half of Christendom worshipped a Jew and the other half a Jewess."—*Boston Journal.*

—The receipts of the New York Post Office, for the quarter ending June 30, were \$713,126.09, and the expenditures, \$202,487.09, leaving a profit to the Government of more than \$500,000. The business of the office was less by nearly \$60,000 than for the same period of time in 1876. The revenue from the sale of postage stamps for the quarter ending June 30, 1876, was \$735,903.49; this year, for the same months, \$677,042.29.

—The Emperor Nicholas, father of the present Emperor of Russia, was a man of very quick temper, and on one occasion was stung by an absurd contrivance into a tremendous outburst of passion on Easter morning. On that day it is the custom for the Czar to go forth from his palace, and, embracing the first man whom he meets, who is almost invariably the sentinel at the palace gate, he exclaims: "Christ is risen!" uttered with great manifestations of joy. So on this particular occasion forth sallied the Czar, kissed the sentinel on both cheeks, according to custom, and uttered the invariable exclamation, "Christ is risen!" "So it is said," answered the soldier, in a thoroughly stolid way. The man was a Mohammedan from one of the Tartar provinces of the Empire. The wrath of the Czar was unbounded, and since that day the orthodoxy of the sentinel who is to guard the palace on Easter Sunday is always very carefully ascertained beforehand.

SILVER WEDDING SURPRISE.

(From the General Gazette, July 26, 1877.)

A pleasant and interesting event in the shape of a surprise supper, passed off on the lawn on the eastside of Mr. Nehemiah Denton's fine and elegant mansion, about sunset last Friday (24th inst.), on the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage to his estimable lady. As this affair was purely a surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Denton it will be interesting to mention some little circumstances connected with the affair.

Not willing to neglect the celebration of this silver wedding, and as a sincere token of the true affection for the parents, Miss Louise, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denton, arranged with Mrs. Tuttle to invite them to dine and spend the afternoon at her house on Lake avenue, thereby leaving a clear field and agreeable opportunity to prepare the celebration without any knowledge on the part of her parents but to surprise them on their return home.

A long table with an awning spread over it, was laid on the lawn, and covered with every variety of eatables of a very superior nature and arranged in exquisite taste.

Quite a party of friends and relatives from Rochester and elsewhere came by the afternoon train, and when every thing was prepared, Miss Louise sent the coach to Mr. Tuttle's house to bring home her parents and Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. Imagine how surprised Mr. and Mrs. Denton were on reaching their home.

Mr. Denton was moved to tears, while his lady appeared in buoyant spirits, evidently felt overwhelmed with compliments when they sat down at opposite ends of the table along side which sat a full number of happy guests. As soon as supper was over, Mr. Tuttle arose and made a short congratulatory address to Mr. and Mrs. Denton in signs, calling them to notice the full moon which smiled on them, and alluding to the happiness of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Denton made replies acknowledging the spirit and thanking Mr. Tuttle for his kind words.

Afterwards the party repaired to the spacious parlors of the house and spent the evening delightfully in dancing and social enjoyment. Mr. Tuttle entertained the guests with sleight-of-hand tricks and various kinds of fun, and the party were greatly indebted to him for much pleasure during the evening.

The party broke up at midnight after a charming evening of pleasure and with the best of wishes for the long continued health and happiness of their genial and hospitable hosts, who are always ready so kindly and gracefully to welcome their friends to their hospitable mansion.

The Halifax, N. S., Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

(From the Presbyterian Witness, July 14, 1877.)

The annual examination of the pupils of this Institution took place on Saturday afternoon. The day was favorable. The grounds were attractive. The large and commodious building was clean, neatly kept, and in excellent repair. The examinations were conducted in the principal school-room which was filled to overflowing with pupils and deeply interested spectators. We congratulate Mr. Hutton upon the position which the Institution has attained under his skillful and faithful management. The directors and the citizens who were present witnessed with equal satisfaction the proofs given of progress made by the pupils. Probably the most wonderful exhibition was the dumb speaking quite audibly and intelligibly. This seems to us a rare triumph of patience and skill. Several of Mr. Hutton's pupils were able thus to express themselves—to read the Lord's prayer, tell their own names and the names of their teachers, and thus manifest considerable mastery of spoken language. The pupils generally showed intelligence in proportion to the time that they had been under instruction. Their progress in writing, in Arithmetic, in History and Geography, would reflect credit on children possessed of all their faculties. One hopeful feature of the Institution is the number of young pupils in attendance,—for in order to do justice to the children of silence their education should begin early as possible. Mr. Hutton has gathered around him efficient assistance, so that taken all in all the Institution reflects much credit upon the Directors and all connected with it. We hope that the whole country will continue to show in a practical manner its interest in the Deaf and Dumb, and in the school for their training.—The exercises of last Saturday marked the close of the twentieth session.

Number of pupils admitted since the origin of the Institution, 156 of whom 129 have been from Nova Scotia, 36 from New Brunswick, 13 from

P. E. Island, and 7 from Newfoundland. Of the Nova Scotia pupils the different counties have been represented as follows:—Halifax, 33; Pictou, 20; Kings, 12; Cape Breton, 5; Victoria, 1; Inverness, 3; Richmond, 2; Colchester, 10; Hants, 9; Annapolis, 6; Digby, 3; Antigonish, 2; Queens, 4; Lunenburg, 4; Cumberland, 7; Yarmouth, 1; Shelburne, 1; Guysborough, 5.

Of Former Pupils, 14 are deceased; 18 are married, 5 to hearing persons and 13 to deaf mutes. The offspring of these unions so far unknown, with one exception, do not share the infirmity of their parents, but are bright healthy children with all their faculties.

Most of the former pupils are doing well and earning a respectable living in various occupations. Four are employed as teachers, two have and two elsewhere. One is an Architect's office others are carpenters, farmers, shoemakers, bakers, cabinet-makers, trunk-makers, bookbinders, printers, painters, carriage-makers, tanners, block-makers, and dress-makers.

The Attendance for the session 1876-7 has been forty-two males and 18 females from the following localities:—Newfoundland, 6; New Brunswick, 5; P. E. Island, 3; Halifax Co., 6; Cumberland, 6; Pictou, 3; Hants, 2; Colchester, 2; Kings, 1; Guysborough, 1; Annapolis, 1; Lunenburg, 2; Shelburne, 1.

Health.—The general health of the school has been good. One death, the first in five years has occurred. A young woman, in consumption when admitted from Newfoundland last fall, after lingering through the winter, died in April. Only four deaths have occurred during the twenty years of the Institution's existence.

Progress.—The pupils as a whole have made satisfactory progress in their studies, and the year has been one of comfort and harmony in all the departments of the Institution.

Industrial Training is given as far as possible. The girls in needlework and housework; the boys in printing, gardening and carpentry. In printing a good deal of work has been done, including several of the text books used in the school.

Elmira Convention

SEVENTH BIENNIAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES, AUG. 29 AND 30, 1877.

The Convention will open Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 9 o'clock A. M., commencing, as far as decided, with the following:

PROGRAMME

The President's address. Reports of officers. Varied remarks by distinguished persons, deaf mutes and others, during which important questions may be discussed.

Hon. Robert T. Turner, MAYOR OF ELMIRA will open the morning session with a short speech.

WATKINS GLEN

on Thursday afternoon. Train leaves at 12:30 P. M., returning at 6½ or 8½ giving the excursionists six hours or more at the Glen. Tickets from Elmira to Watkins and return, including admission to the Glen, \$1.20. For sale by the Treasurer of the Association and other officers of the Convention.

Among the distinguished persons expected to be present are Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. L. L. Peet, Prof. Westervelt of the Western New York Institution, Rev. A. W. Mann of Ohio, Prof. Job Turner of Mass., and, if he arrives from Europe in time, Prof. Nelson of the Central New York Institution.

Let all who can, attend and have a pleasant and enjoyable time.

H. C. RIDER, Pres't, F. L. SELINEY, Sec'y.

AN IDYL OF ICE-CREAM.

HOW THE GIRL ABSORBED COUNTLESS HOURS AND BANKRUPTED HER DEAR.

It was the wild midnight. The tame midnight was off watch and had gone to bed three hours before. A storm brooded over the eastern heavens. It was a thoroughbred brood storm.

Hop-brewed, for it was coming from the yeast. Hawkeye Creek was rolling humbly into its sandy bed. Bugs, probably. Or it might have been nervousness. A little form covered at the garden gate. Many a manly form has covered at just such gates, ever since summer nights and gnats and beauty and love and June bugs were invented.

He does not come," she murmured softly, as she peered into the darkness. "I cannot see him. I will call him."

She was wrong. If she couldn't see him, she certainly couldn't call him with the same hand. A manly step came scraping down the sidewalk. It was Desmond.

She threw open the gate, and the next instant he clasped in his great, strong arms twenty-seven yards of foulard, three yards of ruche, seven dozen Breton buttons and a pompador panier as big as a dog house. It was all his own.

"All is lost," he exclaimed, "Constance de Belvidere, the Russians have crossed the Balkans. We must fly."

Constance was a noble girl. She only said, "Whither shall we fly?"

He wanted to fly to some lone desert isle, but she submitted an amendment providing that they should fly to the ice-cream saloon.

They flew.

In the crowded saloon, where the soft light fell upon fair women and brave men, and the insects of a summer night fell in the ice-cream freezer. They spoke no word.

When two sentient human beings

are engulfing spoonfuls of corn starch and eggs and skim-milk, language is a mockery.

At length Desmond broke the tender silence. He said:

"More, dearest?"

She smiled and bowed her lovely head, but did not speak. She was too full for utterance.

Desmond gloomily ordered more.

And more when that was gone. And a supplement to that. And an addenda to that. And an exhibit to that.

Gloom sat enthroned upon his brow. Constance saw it. She said:

"What is it, dearest?"

He spoke not, but sighed.

A dreadful suspicion stabbed her heart like a knife.

"Desmond," she said, "are you tired of me, darling?"

"By heaven, no," he said, and then he looked (and thought) unutterable things.

Her brow lightened up with a ray of celestial intelligence.

"I see," she said, tapping the empty plate with her spoon. "Too cold. Signed, C. Morbus."

He denied it bitterly, and bade her remain where she was while he settled with the man.

She, guided by the unerring instinct of her sex, peeped through the curtains of the saloon. She saw her Desmond holding earnest discussion with the man. She saw the man shake his head resolutely in answer to Desmonds' pleading looks and appealing gestures.

She saw him lock the door, take out the key, put in his pocket and lean up against the door.

She saw her own Desmond draw from his own pockets and pile up on the counter a pearl-handle pocket-knife, six nickels, four green postage-stamps, a watch-key, two lead pencils, a memorandum book, a theatre ticket (of the variety denomination) a pocket comb, an ivory tooth pick, a shirt-stud, one sleeve-button, a photograph of herself, a package of trix, two street-car checks, a card with a funny (wicked story) on it, a silk handkerchief and a pair of gloves.—

And when she knew that Desmond was a bankrupt, and when the man swept the assets of the concern into a drawer and open the door she sobbed convulsively: "And it wast mine extravagance which hath did this thing."

They did not talk much on their way home. Once she had asked him if he was rich, and he only said:

"Enormously."

Such is life.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

DEAF-MUTES SERVICES.

Yesterday the deaf-mutes of Biddeford and Saco spent an enjoyable Sabbath with Prof. Job Turner, who preached in the forenoon from John 12, 35, "Walk while ye have the Light."

In the afternoon John 14: 15: "If ye love me keep my commandments." In the evening Heb. 6: 10: "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love." The first two services were conducted at the Unitarian chapel, Saco, and the last at a private house in this city.

The Professor had no intention what ever to officiate in this place or Saco, but merely to start a new church mission for deaf mutes, which he has done with the approbation of the deaf-mutes of the two cities. He has called it the Biddeford and Saco church mission.

He leaves this city to-morrow to establish church missions to deaf-mutes throughout the New England States, which it will take him about five weeks to do. He expects to organize about forty such missions, before making regular appointments. It is his intention to start ten or twelve in this state. Could and would the speaking ladies of all denominations form a mite society for the promotion of the religious condition of the deaf-mutes of Biddeford and Saco? God loves a cheerful giver. The deaf-mutes of these places are nearly out of money and need the assistance of the good citizens. If every one of the citizens were to contribute from twenty-five to fifty cents annually, it would make a handsome fund. Good citizens what will you say of this plan?—*Biddeford (Me.) Daily Star, July 30, 1877.*

That Excursion.

That Manhattan Literary Association spent \$80.00 in chartering the steamer "Fort Lee," paid \$12.00 for music at the grove; \$4.75 for printing 500 tickets and 50 show cards, with \$1.50 for small expenses, making the total expenses \$98.25. The number of tickets disposed of was 399 making a clear sum of \$99.75. At this experiment the admission was 25 cents and the profits were of course \$1.50, with a decided success, and every one who went will admit the truth.

Yours truly,
W. A. BOND,
Chairman.